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when compared with the working of a more natural system. If the managers had long ago resolved that they would never have more than two hundred children in one establishment, nor half so many when they could help it; and if they had early begun to throw off colonies and swarms from their great hive, placing them in country scenes, and where the children could readily have found homes in the families of well-to-do farmers, mechanics, clergymen, schoolmasters, and other good people,—the blessing upon their labors would be now, we believe, much greater than it is. The evil which they seek to cure springs in great part from the crowding of people in cities: the remedy for it must be sought in rustication, as far as possible; and it is possible to secure the remedy in much larger measure in a half-dozen colonies of young delinquents in the country than in one great receptacle in the city of New York. Would Dewetz ever have built his Mettroy in a suburb of Paris?

Yet we find this volume one of great interest and value. It aims at being a history, not only of the establishment to which it relates, but of the whole modern movement for the reformation of young delinquents, upon which it does, in fact, throw much light. There is a lack of method and of chronological order, and too great an infusion of mere didactical and hortatory writing, as is common with clergymen; and more prominence is given to the commonplace remarks or the excellent character of Hon. A. B., Rev. C. D., E. F., Esq., &c., than the subject seems to require. But this fault is inseparable from a work prepared as this has been, and, like the other defects of which we have spoken, indicates an amiable spirit in the author. He deserves thanks for what he has done, both as chaplain and as author.

10.—*Familiar Quotations, being an Attempt to trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use.* By JOHN BARTLETT. 5th Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp. xii., 778.

WE are glad to see that the appreciation of Mr. Bartlett's taste and diligence has forced him pleasantly to a fifth edition, for with every revisal his collection gains in completeness and accuracy. This is a kind of work which to do well demands time and pains, nor has the author stinted either. The very *index* has more honest labor in it than is shown by many volumes of more pretension; and, though the substance of the book be in one sense second-hand, yet the plan of it is original, and the execution demanded research and judgment. Mr. Bartlett's object has not been to supply us with ready-made learning

and impromptu felicity of allusion, but to restore the estrays of literature to their rightful owners. While he was thus in some sort acting as a detective of plagiaries, it is rather amusing that an Englishman named Friswell should have been quietly plagiarizing *him*.

In a work of this kind approximative exactness is all that can be fairly expected. Every one of these needles of wit must be hunted through the whole hay-mow of literature. To satisfy all demands, the author of a dictionary of quotations should have everything that has ever been written anywhere at the tip of his memory. And this might almost have been possible before printing had made mediocrity and dulness impervious to decay. Paper and types cheaply furnish that antiseptic which erewhile the memory of mankind secreted, drop by drop, for the royal race alone. Obscurity may now insure itself against "envious and calumniating Time" on as easy terms as genius. Mr. Bartlett often finds in forgotten books the germs of phrases which have become popular and current on the authority of some famous name. As in the Roman Carnival, some taller or more active fellow will light his taper at another, and in doing so contrive to extinguish the source of his own lustre.

"Così ha tolto l'uno all' altro Guido
La gloria della lingua, e forse è nato
Chi l' uno e l'altro cacerà di nido."

Take, for example, the saying that language was given us to conceal our thoughts. Talleyrand commonly gets the credit of it, under that rule of giving unto him that hath which men are more apt to apply in the case of wit than elsewhere. Mr. Bartlett traces this bit of stolen property through half a dozen hands up to Jeremy Taylor. We shall be surprised if in some future edition he do not find the bishop's title precarious. The sentence certainly has the true Macchiavellian flavor. But whoever shall turn out to be the true owner, the excommunicated bishop of Autun will prevail, we suspect, against his saintly brother of Down and Connor. *Habent sua fata Æneæ præputa*, and this is a kind of thing Talleyrand *ought* to have said. So he will probably keep it for this generation at least, and then it will be re-fathered on the likeliest wit of the next. In such cases Coleridge's plea,

" 'T is mine and it is likewise yours,
But, an if this will not do,
Let it be mine, good friend ! for I
Am the poorer of the two,"

is of no avail, for it is the richer man who is apt to carry the day. Among those whom Mr. Bartlett brings into court as concerned in the

larceny of this piece of wit is Goldsmith, and we should surmise that he got it of some Frenchman. He was apt to make boot upon these natural enemies of his country as unceremoniously as Ancient Pistol. His *Madam Blaise* and his *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, were both spoils from the Gaul, and one of his most famous passages — “Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form” — is a translation from Chapelain. From which of the later Latin poets *he* had stolen it we cannot say. The French have been great middle-men in these transactions, — it was so easy to give Latin a larger currency by Parisian alloy. The Romans were fair game, for in their day they had turned their *exemplaria Graeca* in more senses than one. The work of following up this floating literature is something like that of a restorer of palimpsests. You remove the English, French, and Latin layers one after another till you come to the Greek. Here Investigation, as Dr. Johnson would say, might formerly fold her hands. Not so now, for underneath the Greek lies the Sanscrit, and who knows what may turn up under that? We see Mr. Bartlett lessening down an endless Oriental vista, his eyes fixed on a quotation which flits before him like the bird in the Eastern story. There is a dreary kind of comfort in thinking that even the Greeks could say nothing that had not been said before.

But is this saying all? By no means. One of the main uses of Mr. Bartlett's book is as a lesson in rhetoric. It is the *way* of saying things that makes them immortal. The thought may be anybody's or everybody's, it will at last go by his name who had the skill to make it startle and delight us by a new melody, a word that flashed light through the very heart of it, or a turn of phrase so perfect as to seem inevitable, though all before him had just missed it. The prosperity of a verse or a sentence lies not so much in the meaning it conveys as in that murmur of memory that clings in it, as in Landor's sea-shell. Butler tells us that wit

..... “is no more to be engrossed
Than sunshine or the air enclosed,
Or to propriety confined
Than the uncontrolled and scattered wind.”

Gray's *Elegy* looks down serenely on the poor devils who claim restitution in the foot-notes. We like it the better that it awakens in us these faint associations of foregone pleasure, and admire the art that could infuse light and warmth into thoughts so obvious that they had done duty on headstones time out of mind. Wordsworth's canorous verse in “*Laodamia*” reminds us of Virgil's *largior æther*, but only to the advantage of the younger poet. *Et tu in Arcadia!* we say to ourselves, and like him the better for having brought back a flower that

reminds us of it. We confess that we prefer Sir Roger L'Estrange's "Put nature out at the door, she comes in through the window," to the original in Horace. Churchill (as we learn from Mr. Bartlett) first compared plagiarists to Gypsies who steal children, "Defacing first, then claiming as their own." But Sheridan made the simile his own by heightening it with a dash of wit, — "disfiguring them to *make 'em pass for his own.*" We can think of no better illustration of the difference between the plagiarist and the appropriator by right of eminent domain.

M. Fournier has written a book about quotations under the title of *L'Esprit des autres*. This seems to us a misnomer. It would apply well enough to the old pedants in us, who used to hang out their tawdry bits of the classics as the Italians on gala days flaunt from their windows every moth-eaten rug or bright-colored shred of carpet they can rummage out of their garrets. Quoting for show is as barbarous as a ring in the nose. The wit must lie in the application and belong to the quoter, as when Burke slyly applied to Wilkes chaired by the mob *numerus fertur lege solutis*. As good was Lamb's *sermoni propria*, "properer for a sermon," applied to some of Coleridge's early poems. One of the happiest quotations ever made was by Leigh Hunt on a hair of Beatrice Cenci, which some one had given him, —

"And beauty draws us by a single hair."

The fashion of quotation seems to have gone out with ruffles. Burke was perhaps the last liberal quoter, who could do it with the free and easy air of large resources, and, like most men who draw from a full memory, he was seldom exact. Your clever quoters generally lie open to the suspicion of getting their material at second-hand. As muzzled pigs are employed to hunt truffles, so the pedants root up from the fields of Greek and Roman literature the delicacies they cannot taste, for these epicures who know how to flavor a dish with them. Burton has furnished many a *cordón bleu* with the relish that made his reputation.

A collection of this kind is in its own way a sort of phemometer or fame-gauge. But it is at the same time more exactly the measure of an author's power and felicity of expression, of his right, in short, to be an author. Shakespeare, as should be expected, leads off with one hundred and nineteen pages, Milton follows with thirty-nine, and Pope comes next with thirty-one. Dryden and Cowper have each eleven, Goldsmith musters nine, Gray eight and a half, Butler seven and a half. But under Goldsmith, Mr. Bartlett should have included passages from his prose. Some of them — like "Shakespeare and the musical-glasses," and the picture that "would have been better had the

artist taken more pains — are among the most familiar allusions. Butler also might have claimed a page or two more, selected from other poems than *Hudibras*. After these grandees come the commoners and yeomanry of letters. Here are the single-speech men, the dull fellows in whom the gods made incision, making them poetical for a quatrain or a distich, like Matthew Roydon, author of four golden verses, or Richard Tarlton of two proverbial ones. These are the

“ Little herde-groomes
That kepen shepe among the broomes,”

for whose pipes made of a green wheat-stem Chaucer finds room in his House of Fame. Some of these have stolen the one yew-lamb that fills out their entire schedule of property. Matthew Henry, for example, must give back to Euripides those “second and sober thoughts,” his title to which Mr. Bartlett too easily allows.* Massinger, too, must surrender “this many-headed monster” to Daniel. And we think Mr. Bartlett should have made at least one more quotation from the “well-languaged” Samuel. This stanza from his “Musophilus,”

“ And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unformed occident
May come refined with accents that are ours?”

if it is not a familiar quotation, ought to be so at least to American ears. We confess we feel a satisfaction in making that beastly Tom Paine restore his rocket, stick and all, to the *Vasconiana* whence he stole it, though the last place where one would expect to find fireworks. But after all

“ Il faut être ignorant eomme un maître d'école
Pour se flatter de dire une seule parole
Que personne ici-bas n'ait pu dire avant vous.”

Mr. Bartlett deprives Voltaire even of the verse — *Si Dieu n'existait pas*, &c. — of which he was so proud that he quotes it several times himself.

We have thought that Mr. Bartlett was sometimes a little whimsical in denying a line or two more to certain authors, — Donne, for example. But, of course, he only can be his own judge of what quotations are familiar. He has made a very entertaining, useful, and even instructive book, and we are surprised that one man, even with the assistance he acknowledges in his Preface, could have done so much. Let every reader of it send the author his annotations, that we may at last get a book as nearly perfect as need be wished. Especially, if there be any

* *Αἱ δευτέραι πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.* Hippol. 438.

one anywhere who knows the source of "Though lost to sight to memory dear," let him at once proclaim it, and save from suicide a score or so of hitherto baffled inquirers in all parts of the world.

11. — *Two Years before the Mast.* A personal Narrative. By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. New Edition, with subsequent Matter by the Author. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869. pp. vii., 470.

M. SAINTE-BEUVE has discussed the question *Qu'est ce qu'un classique?* with his usual taste and discrimination, and subacidulous suavity. He has drawn his illustrations, as is his wont, from ample note-books, and has given us his definition of what is a classic. But we think he has rather defined what a great book should be, than given us the direct answer to his own question. His main qualification of a classic, if we remember, is that it must be "a book that has made the human mind take a step forward." But the word should be limited to a purely literary application, and then a classic would be, not a book that lives by some peculiar property, like *Gargantua*, or the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but simply in virtue of that pervasive quality which we call style, and which recommends it, not to this or that man, but in some degree to all men, though none may be able to give the reason why.

Shall we lay claim, then, to an American classic? If we did, we know of nobody who could put in a better title to have made one than Mr. Dana. For a quarter of a century his book has had an audience wider even than that of the martial airs of England. The boy sailor has won a place for himself on the same shelf with *Robinson Crusoe*. And how has he achieved this singular distinction? Not surely by the substance of his story, but by the simple and natural way in which he has told it, by the absence of all exaggeration, by such absorption in the matter that the manner takes care of itself.

But Mr. Dana was writing history without knowing it. Nowhere else can we learn so well what sea-life is (or rather used to be) to the sailor. And if time is to be measured more by change and growth than by years, his volume seems already to vie in antiquity with the *Periplus of Hanno*. He visits the western coast of this continent to find almost the same savage and unmanned shore, against which the first wave of the Pacific had broken. He saw what the seals alone had looked on for immemorial ages. He comes back after a score of years to find a powerful commonwealth, with a capital already wellnigh the match of modern Naples in population, and more than the match in commerce